



theomenvolumefortyoneissueseven

Hockey, Hockey, Greatest Game in the Land:

Grace Willey - No more fox penis

F. Stewart-Taylor - Now it's like a junk black hole

Jonathan Gardner - You know the ghost junk? That was kinda what I was going for.

Isaiah Mann - "mann"

Jesse Ide - Did you just type in groaning noises

B Corfman - elitepinguinetruppen

Matt Wysocki - gruuuuuhhhh hrgh

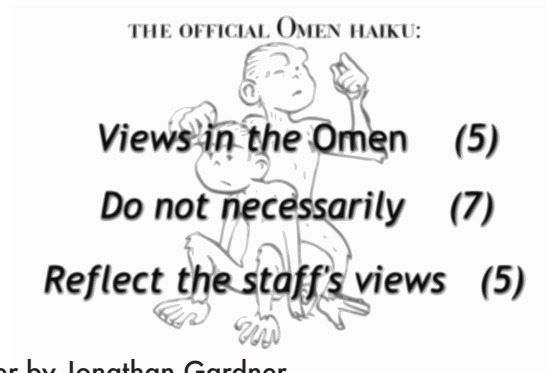
Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.

Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to omen@hampshire.edu or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092



Front cover by Jonathan Gardner

EDITORIAL

F. Stewart-Taylor

Hey Omenites!

Welcome back to the last Omen of the semester. It's a great issue, like every issue. Seriously, this stuff is pure gold, if you disagree something is the matter with you. Consider surgical intervention.

As the year winds down, so winds down my term is editrix. This is my last editorial. I know, I'm all choked up, too. Stay strong, my children. I've tried to write this editorial a couple times, but I'm not great at endings. Fortunately, this isn't really an ending, but the beginning of Omen Kid's time as Omen Man, or at least Omen Young Adult. Jonathan Gardner is your new Editor, and he's definitely the right dude for the job. He's been a stellar contributor since day one, a stellar signer, and recently he's even started talking during layout, so that's been pretty great. Our new signer, B, is a superstar, and y'all are in for a treat under the new Omen regime. I'll still be around at layout, so if you want to get into a fight or whatever, come to the basement on alternate Wednesdays and scream along to youtube with us.

The rest of this editorial is just going to be thank yous, because I owe the Omen and all my Omenites a lot of them. Thank you to Evan, Ian, and Rachel, my immediate predecessors as editor and dear friends. Evan and Ian are my pals in all things Fight The Stigma, Rachel is a saint who didn't deserve any of the crap we put her through. Thanks to the new Omen babies, all the first years last year and this year who ventured into our sketchy basement lair, covered in softcore pornography from Jacob Chabot and Omen covers from Ben Batchelder and a snorkle which honestly your guess is as good as mine. Thanks to Jacob Chabot for the softcore pornography, and Stephen Morton for staying around WAY longer than he should have after graduating to tell us all the stories of our Omen predecessors.

Thank you to Marie in the CLA for being such a champ about our paperwork, to FundCom for putting up with my weird-ass funding requests, to Sibies for fucking us over by closing early so many times but also for pesto pizza, to Wings for feeding

us when Sibies would not. Thank you to Punch 'Em In The Dick and to Score: A Hockey Musical. (You're SEVENTEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEN.)

Thank you to The Omen, for being my home away from home these last few years. I've painted my face for The Omen, painted watercolor covers, shouted at first years at Hampfest, shouted at everybody in layout, written and sent in papers from the couch, scanned hundreds of pages of valentines and doodles of dicks, gone to signer sem more often than should be legal, stayed up past three AM doing layout, slept on the couch after missing the last bus, brought a 30lb roast pig to campus in a friend's sedan, ridden the B43 from Amherst to get home to NoHo with Stephen and alone, and made a lot of soft-core badger porn way after anyone else thought it was funny. (Look forward to more of that in the new year.) That's all thanks to you, The Omen. I love you.

Giant fuck you to Jonathan "Fitzgerald Kennedy" Lash, who still owes me a fucking pizza. Fight me, old man.

Thanks, readers. You make all this possible. By your tuition paying for the student activities fund. Whether you read or not means pretty much literally nothing to me. Nobody reads the Omen.

Send us your submissions, come to layout, eat our food, pay subservient obsequience to your new editor, look for us in Saga and the mail room.

LOVE,

yr Editrix, signing off-
-F. Stewz.

Section: Speak

I'm collecting a list of names of people who would be interested in restarting the Trans Student Alliance / Trans & Genderqueer Alliance so comment here or email me at jci12 if you're interested. We aren't necessarily talking about weekly meetings like the QCA does (unless that's what people want) but we're more focused on having a group that creates a resource network for trans and genderqueer students on campus, through trans clothing exchanges, skill swaps, and a database on resources like how to manage the Hampshire administration with trans issues, a map of all-gender bathrooms, and stuff like that. That could happen through weekly meetings but could also happen through like, clothes getting put in a big box that signers have the keys to and could give access to trans students, zines being made and kept in the QCAC and put on hampedia, listservs for connection people for skill swaps, etc.

So yeah! Gimme gimme your names, email jci12

There's so much potential for creating trans resources and community on this campus and we should like actually do it

-Jesse Ide

also Jesse Ide - >

Cray Novick

Do you ever wa(0)nder about things.

What am I? Who am I? Where am I? When am I? Why am I? These are the questions at hand.

To find the answer, turn to your hand. Unlike traditional palm reading, methodological reflective recess is a sure fire path towards self discovery and otherwise greater transcendentalist understandings. You can find out how to do it online using {{{<http://www.google.net>}}}.



I don't yet have a title for this piece because I refuse to quantify this piece of writing with anything as menial as a string of text, despite the fact that this piece itself is no more than a text. Furthermore, I have no interest in picking a topic to write about until I'm 95% done with this piece of writing. In fact, I'm so certain that I'll discover some great subject that I'm promising you a reverse title: at the very end of this essay, you will find a title. Read it, then come back to the beginning and see all of my wasted words in a whole new light.

Speaking of light, I'm finding light to be exhausting. Thanks to my overarching exhaustion, light itself has become a dark, evil force. Ironically, the dark has now become the bright light at the end of the tunnel. I continue to walk forward, as the minutes tick by. In this case, my sitting in place is metaphorical walking. In my extreme sleep deprivation, I'm finding myself incredibly apt at finding paradoxes. Therefore, I can confidently state that Shakespeare is Jesus's mother.

Sadly, a moment later in time (and a centimeter closer to the light which is the dark), I realize that was hardly a logical assertion. Shakespeare and Jesus look nothing alike. Therefore, it seems highly improbable that they are related. Far more likely is the fact that Jesus time traveled forward in time (after stealing the DeLorean from Doc Brown) and underwent plastic surgery: he then was reborn as William Shakespeare. On this subject, why didn't Darth Vader just get plastic surgery? It seems like we're technological miles behind inventing a Sith Lord suit, but skin grafts and face restructuring: no problem.

Clearly Darth Vader just prefers his grey skin. Or perhaps he's just being stingy, because he knows his mask ruins any of the beautiful make up he bothers to apply anyway, so there's no point in springing for plastic surgery. The real question: is Darth Vader more for eye liner or mascara? Or are there even beauty products in a world where so few female characters exist?

Was that a sexist question to ask? Hopefully, any sexism on my part is outweighed by the overarching sexism of Star Wars. Except now I have to prove that Star Wars was sexist. Well, Padmé was possibly the weakest protagonist ever. Then again, it's hard to look good

next to Haden Christiansen's abysmal delivery. Plus, Natalie Portman redeemed herself with her amazing rap on Saturday Night Live.

Sadly, Saturday Night Live has not redeemed itself since Tina Fey's brilliant comedic invention: Sarah Palin. If only the Republican Party still brought us so much joy and mirth. But by far the most humorous political party is "The Rent is Too Damn High" Party. Personally, I pay no rent, but I'd still love to vote for Jimmy McMillan. Though I'd really be voting for Kenan Thompson's hilariously accurate impression of him. Then again, I'd also vote for Kenan Thompson's "Fix It!" character from Weekend Update, or basically any other character Kenan Thompson has ever performed, including Rita. Then again, I'm sure there are celebrities I'd rather be elected to a position of power.

Firstly, Tina Fey, as the obvious choice. However, she would be required to switch between Sarah Palin and Liz Lemon on a biweekly basis. Otherwise, her portrayal would be vastly two-dimensional. However, no celebrity would make a better political figure than Charlie Sheen. His disturbing addictions and lascivious habits would prove a welcome distraction in the inevitable nuclear war (if any celebrities are allowed into office). Then again, we all know that Danny DeVito is the perfect choice for VP. Title: DeVito for VP-toe



Figure 1. Jimmy McMillan.

A Review of The Experience of Seeing "How I Learned To Drive" at Hampshire College - by Jesse Ide

Trigger Warning: This is a review of the experience of seeing the play "How I Learned To Drive", a play that deals with topics of sexual abuse, incest, and trauma. Thus, this article will also deal with those topics. Just to be clear, this is a review of my experience of seeing the play, it will deal with the topics of sexual abuse and trauma in more than just the ways that they're a part of the play. This also contains spoilers for the play.

The experience of seeing Sassy's production of the play "How I Learned To Drive" by Paula Vogel starts with the call for production team members. Rumors circulate that the play is "pretty intense" and "about sexual assault, and like, stuff, like, woah." As production continues, members of the crew routinely talk about crying and getting triggered during rehearsals. Other rumors circulate that the director only wanted cis women on the crew, but while hearing those rumors was a part of the experience, whether they were true is inconclusive. Being a trans survivor of sexual assault, I knew I would end up seeing this play. I felt it like an impending dread. The more I heard about the narrative structure, and the ways it accurately portrayed PTSD, the more I knew I would have to go. Survivors are often deprived from relatable narratives, so any good piece I got, even though I knew it would be triggering, would be worth it to me.

The next part of the experience of seeing the play, is trying to figure out when to see the play. Reserving a ticket would be too much of a commitment, since I need to be in the right mindset that day to see something that's possibly triggering. Asking various members of the crew when they think would be the least busy day, I plan on seeing it on the Friday of production. On Tuesday, opening night, I

miss a bus to a thing I was planning on going to, leaving me with an open night. I could do homework, but instead I decide to go try and get into "How I Learned To Drive". If I got there early enough, I could be first on the waitlist, and surely somebody would forget to show up. I guessed right, and thus found myself seeing "How I Learn To Drive" on opening night. In the lobby is an old television set, playing old commercials on loop. For "The New Barbie That Moves!" and "Bud Light: The Best Reason To Drink Beer", among other things. The audio quality of the television is old, and brings back memories of watching movies recorded from television on VHS tapes.

The program has crisis hotlines in the back, and I see that the crew is not actually all cis women, as was rumored. The play tells the tale of a woman only known as Lil' Bit, at various stages of her life, narrated by a mix of first-person, greek chorus, and old recorded driver's manual on tape. We learn early on that everyone in her family is named for their genitals, which sounds familiar for other reasons. Thus, we have Lil' Bit, Uncle Pecker, Cousin BB (for Blue Balls), Big Papa, Aunt Mary, Mama, and Grandma. All of the characters except for Lil' Bit and Uncle Pecker are played by the three person Greek Chorus, who do an amazing job of playing such a wide variety of characters. Susannah Holub manages to portray both the oldest and youngest characters in the play, with impeccable acting. Ben Polson plays all of the men (except for Uncle Pecker), ranging from patriarchal misogynic old men to dweebish pre-teen boys that just want to dance. While Lil' Bit and Uncle Pecker are the main characters, the Greek Chorus really steals the show with their amazing acting across so many characters. Uncle Pecker, I had heard, was poorly acted and bad at miming, however, he seemed to be well acted enough. With all of the characters, even when they were good at acting, I still noticed the acting. Lil' Bit often felt like an actual person on stage.

The story progresses non-linearly, with the 3 consecutive acts represented by "gears" in the audio driving instructions, and "The Reverse

Gear & You” signalling that the next scene took place earlier than the last. The sound design was a really powerful narrative device throughout the production. The ways that they sounded the same, eerily the same, each time they appeared, even when they weren’t actually the same, very well captured how PTSD can feel. Every time we hear the starting of a car, we feel nervous and uneasy, even though nothing is happening, we feel tenser. I felt tears nearly coming on because of radio static, at one moment.

The set continued to have more tricks up its sleeve throughout the play. Beds hidden on the walls, moon cycles, chairs transforming into tables, it was really incredible. The entire thing in front of a giant stop sign as part of a mural painted on a back wall.

You might notice how I’m not really describing the play so much as everything around it. This is part of the experience of *How I Learned to Drive*. While there is implied sexual abuse throughout the play, we never fully see the Big Scene until the end. We see moments all around it, in all sorts of orders, but only at the climax do we see touching. The fact that the crew has talked about this scene beforehand, how intense it is, adds to the experience. You know that at some point, Uncle Pecker is going to sexually assault Lil’ Bit, but you don’t know when it is. Uncomfortable scene after uncomfortable scene comes and goes, each one tenser than the last, tense because you know what happens eventually. It really captures how PTSD can feel sometimes. How you constantly think about every little occurrence around the traumatic event, but not often the event itself. What happened after, what happened before, how you could have stopped it, or handled it better, or what he was thinking, or what his intentions were, why he thought the way that he thought.

There is a scene where Uncle Pecker is washing dishes after Thanksgiving, and Lil’ Bit makes a deal with him. She’ll let him talk to her on a weekly basis, if he gives up drinking. Basically agreeing to be his therapist, as a teenager. She initiates this dynamic that is sure to be

unhealthy, but it casts no doubt that she is still the survivor. I briefly caught myself distracted, staring at the mural in the back of the set, on the stop sign; thinking about my own abuser and the unhealthy dynamics between us, who had initiated what, how I had been blamed by him for things he insisted upon, showing written and signed evidence of this to the investigators, how I had destroyed letters he had left me afterward, watching his name wash away in the sink. I missed some lines of dialogue, and, feeling the rubber on my backpack handle, the ridges, the fabric underneath; I brought myself back into the story.

Gender roles played a huge role in the play. Lil’ Bit’s mother and grandmother tell her about how “Men Only Want One Thing” and “It Doesn’t Hurt If He Truly Loves You”. It all takes place in the 60s and early 70s. It was definitely a play born out of that era. The characters are born into their gender roles and raised in them, and we get a strong feeling of the complacency women are trained in with men’s actions. It made me think about queerness and gender. We see strongly in this play these pre-defined tracts that people are put onto based on their gender, and how society facilitates heading in those directions, acting in those ways, if it’s gender appropriate. When we are queer, especially when we are trans, we are kicked off of that tract. We are derailed and excluded from “the way things work.” The characters in the play have all internalized these tracts into their lives so strongly. They aren’t happy necessarily about the way things are but they have learned to live with it. They perpetuate these norms onto themselves and each other.

Everyone said that the ending is the most intense part, but I found another part more intense. We hear about how Lil’ Bit goes to college, a first generation college student, common for her generation, same as my parents. She goes to a nice school but flunks out. She found it difficult. It’s implied that she was kicked out for having

a boy in her dorm but eventually we get to her days at college, expressed by the greek chorus reading out letters she had been receiving from Uncle Pecker, counting down the days until her 18th birthday, sending her lavish gifts, read with increasing intensity until she goes home for winter break and finds herself in a hotel room with Uncle Pecker and champagne. The scene is incredibly tense and when he offered her champagne I nearly shouted "No!". And when she drank champagne, and asked him to drink champagne even though she's been telling him not to drink the entire play, I was so afraid that this was the scene. He asks her to cuddle, even though she had already drawn a line, and she agrees to cuddle, but only cuddle. The scene was all too familiar and I found myself breathing heavily, grounding myself with the cold banister I sat next to so I could quickly leave if necessary. I looked at the crisis hotlines in the program. I so expected him to cross the line, but he doesn't. This is the scene where she finally ends years of abuse by leaving his arms and telling him that she felt nothing, even though a poem read by the greek chorus tells us otherwise, that it's more complicated than that, but that she's still saying no, however doubtful. We learn that after that, he drinks himself to death and that she feels sympathy for him, for he, too, had PTSD, from the war, and possibly, from sexual abuse too.

The play does a remarkable job of telling the complex relationship between survivors and our memories of our abusers. Uncle Pecker is an abuser, we know this. He sexually abuses her and she develops Complex Post Traumatic Stress Disorder because of it. We see her triggered by innocuous repeated elements in the play, such as when the dweebish pre-teen asks her to a slow dance and when she says she doesn't like to dance, he proposes they "just sway", reminding her of something Uncle Pecker said to her during a "photoshoot." Yet, Uncle Pecker is a father figure to her, she wants him to be around for her and to teach her. She wants

him to be happy and has complicated feelings about him. It was abuse, traumatizing, and non-consensual, but were she to report him then there would be many a moment that would be pointed to as "implied consent" even when she drew the line. She feels like he's the only one in her family that she can get support from when people (especially her grandfather) tease her about her large breasts. Saying no and ending it so quickly would not be so simple, even being sure of such a decision would be tough, especially as a teenager, especially when drunk.

A Lil' Bit at age 34 tells us that she still has questions she wishes she could ask Uncle Pecker. The whole play very much takes place as if we are seeing things as Lil' Bit remembers them. Right before the much talked about intense scene at the end, is a scene of Lil' Bit's mother warning her, at age 11, not to go on a seven hour car ride with Uncle Pecker, basically telling her that she gets creepy vibes from him. This scene, to me, felt very familiar. A scene of remembering when you could have listened to someone's advice. When someone told you your abuser was creepy and you said "oh... no.. it's not like that". Lil' Bit's mother isn't entirely a bad mother, she tries her best to be a good mother, but is a product of how she was raised. She wants to be better than her own mother, but doesn't quite know how, ultimately repeating many of the same mistakes. It reminded me of my mother. In this scene, too, I focused on the cold banister.

The intense scene at the end. We learn that the whole story we have seen so far actually takes place after she had already been sexually assaulted, when she was 11, the youngest her we see in the play, during the 7 hour car ride, being "taught how to drive". In a surreal choice, as we see this scene, wherein the actors actually touch, Lil' Bit does not voice herself, but is rather voice acted by Susanna Hollub, who does an amazing job at sounding like Lil' Bit. We see why holding her hands at 9 and 3 is triggering. In the end, we see Lil' Bit tell us her routine of starting the car. Repeating many of the lessons she learned from various places,

reminding us of many memories from the play and before. She turns on the radio and in the static we hear all of her memories flooding back, and she takes a deep breath, grounds herself, and she drives the car with Uncle Pecker on her mind.

There are many abstract or surreal parts of the play, usually told by the greek chorus. The most surreal part of the experience, though, was when right as the applause ended, a hampshire faculty, who I don't know, turned to me and asked me if I was okay. I paused, not thinking about my response but just taken by surprise, and said "...yeah?". I said it very small, and inflected almost but not quite like a question. Sort of to try and say "of course" but probably sounding like the opposite. I walked back to my mod from EDH, not staying to talk with anyone. I saw how the street light projected its shadow onto the steam coming out of donut 5. My actions all rhythmic. I lit the menorah for the seventh day of chanukah with a modmate, and washed the dishes, the hot water making steam which burned my hands a little. The experiences of a cis woman survivor of child sexual abuse are of course different from the experiences of a trans survivor of adult sexual assault, especially different between those of one who was abused for years in an incestuous relationship, versus one whose experience was not that. However, the ways that trauma was portrayed rang very true. The era was portrayed so accurately from what I've seen of my parents. I couldn't stop thinking about how that professor had asked me if I was okay. The first thing that had popped into my head when he said it was that he had somehow known my story. That the gossip chain had spread so far and I had become such a public figure that strangers were asking me if I was okay because they knew I was a survivor. While washing the dishes, though, I realized that, sitting in front of me, he probably heard my heavy breathing, or how loudly I had been clapping at the end. I thought about how I wasn't sure if what I had told him was the truth or not. I thought about if Lil Bit's family had realized what had been going on with her and Uncle Pecker. Her mother predicted it was going to happen, but did she

realize her prediction was right? What we see most strongest in this play is Lil' Bit surviving. All that trauma surrounding cars and she still drives. It gives hope, and makes me ultimately glad that I had gone to see the show, even though I knew it would be triggering. Fall semester will always be more difficult than spring semester, especially the time between thanksgiving break and spring term beginning. I know janterm will be hard too. But surviving is possible, and even if something always brings back bad memories, it's still possible to reclaim it from the wreckage of trauma. She still drives, even though it was traumatic when she learned it.

I read a poem at an open mic once, and I was told that it made people sad, but then they felt kinda better afterward, but not really happy, just, better, or hopeful. That's how I felt about this experience. It certainly made me sadder than I would have been if I didn't go, but survivor stories, as dark as they get, are survivor stories, and they involve surviving. That we do not perish, but continue to go on, is a good thing. It's its own special emotion. It's important that people consent to the experience of seeing something strong like this play, that is why we have trigger warnings, but it is also important to remember that just because stories can be triggering does not make them not worth sharing. The solidarity among survivors that can be had by sharing our stories breeds strength and hope, and fights off the loneliness we often feel in our struggles. It is worth it to go to How I Learned To Drive, if you feel up to it.

I can't recommend the experience of being a trans survivor getting both your dysphoria and your complex ptsd triggered in the same night, especially if you're planning on getting homework done. Simply because the experience does not begin and end with the play. It's important to remember that the trauma and PTSD from sexual assault permeates the lives of survivors constantly, as a daily struggle,

intersecting with gender, race, ethnicity, class, other traumas, other mental health and ability; and other oppressions and struggles. However, the play itself, as a portion of that experience, is phenomenal. While by the time this is published it will probably be too late to see Sassy's production at Hampshire, do catch the chance to see the same play in another production if you get the chance, though it won't have the incredibly evocative acting, sound design, set design, or directing of this production.

Between -100 and +100, I give the experience of seeing the Hampshire College production of "How I Learned To Drive" as a trans survivor a solid +58, and the play gets +70. Keep in mind that -100 is the worst thing ever and +100 is literally the best anything in the world could ever be relative to anything ever. For reference, feet get +10 and urine gets -30.

Bon Appetit Rant by Noah Loomis

Okay Bon Appetit, I get it, you're new here. When you first came everything sucked but I assumed that things would get better. I wrote you some friendly little critique cards or whatever they're called telling you some things you could improve. But yeah... Bon Appetit you suck.

So I've only been to SAGA a couple times (the name SAGA is immortal) this semester and you've got a bunch of issues. 1) Vegetarian / Vegan food. As a vegetarian my options were limited under Sodexo but they always had a vegetarian option and some foods came with or without the meat portion. But you seem convinced that everything needs meat in it. Foods that aren't even normally prepared with meat in them are prepared solely with meat and no vegetarian option – these are foods that are normally vegetarian! Like grilled cheese. I went in one day and saw there was grilled cheese – delicious. But they all had ham in them. Sodexo

might have had a tray of grilled cheese with ham in it and one without but nope, you just had ones with ham. Which is a) super not kosher and b) why the fuck do you want ham in your grilled cheese? And there were literally no food options in the main room besides the pasta that didn't have meat in them. Really? So I wrote you a little note on your feedback forms being like brah, vegetarian options. Specifically grilled cheese. Then I come back a month or little more later for SAGA Thanksgiving, a glorious event. And you had grilled cheese. With meat in it. Only. Again.

Another piece of grade-a-bullshit is I don't think you have talked to your employees that worked back in the good-old-Sodexo days at all about how things are run around here because let me lay down some info for you. Also good-old-Sodexo days is a phrase I thought I would never utter. See there are some big events (see SAGA Thanksgiving) that draw in huge crowds: people from the mods and people off-campus come to eat at SAGA on these rare occasions and so it gets packed. You may have noticed the line going from the main room, around the corner, up the stairs, past the desk, and out the door. What you do for these events is you put tables out in the back room that also contain food so people can get it from multiple places. Another thing that would have happened if you talked to anyone that's been there for more than a year is you'd know Thanksgiving is known for it's desserts. You need at least 16 different types of cheesecake alone. Yet all you had were the paltry regular offerings like nothing was different from any other day. You give us desserts on Thanksgiving motherfuckers! Not only were there a regular amount, your deserts suck. What happened to your old desert lady? Years previous SAGA (as Sodexo) was known for having shitty food but wonderful, wonderful desserts. Now they both suck. So here I am disappointed by the set-up and the food offerings (except the vegan sweet potato marshmallow dish, that was great) and I got to get some dessert. There's not much but there is pecan pie. I fucking love pecan pie. And it's

burnt. What the hell. If you burn or mess up food you don't give it to the customer, you make it again and apologize for the inconvenience. I've tried to make this more about Bon Appetit's issues and not issues with the employees since I've worked food service and I generally greatly prefer to complain about corporations rather than their minimally-waged employees, but I think I need to get to that, especially in the next section of:

Why the Bridge Sucks This Year and Everyone That's not Alyssa Should Kinda be Fired
So the Bridge hasn't been stocked and lots of items that were on the menu were missing for a while, and I'll get back to that in a second, but I'd really like the employees at the bridge to listen up and act like responsible adults. I have a few complaints, first of which is the vast majority of you don't call out people's names when their food is done. I've been standing right there and not heard what the person bringing out the food has said. And those rare ones (that aren't Alyssa) that don't mumble or be silent say the person's name at a regular speaking volume. When you call out an order you shout it so that wherever they may be (unless they've ventured to the airport lounge or something) can hear you.

Another issue: cook your food correctly. I've only ever returned a piece of food once, at any establishment, for being cooked incorrectly, and it was this fall at the Bridge. I got a grilled cheese sandwich, and the cheese in the middle not only wasn't melted, it was cold. I bit into my sandwich and the cheese was fucking cold. It's a fucking grilled cheese. Another item that I ordered just yesterday as of writing this was a quesadilla that got burned. This was after the employees played the nose game in front of me to make it because none of them wanted to do anything: they were all standing around doing nothing.

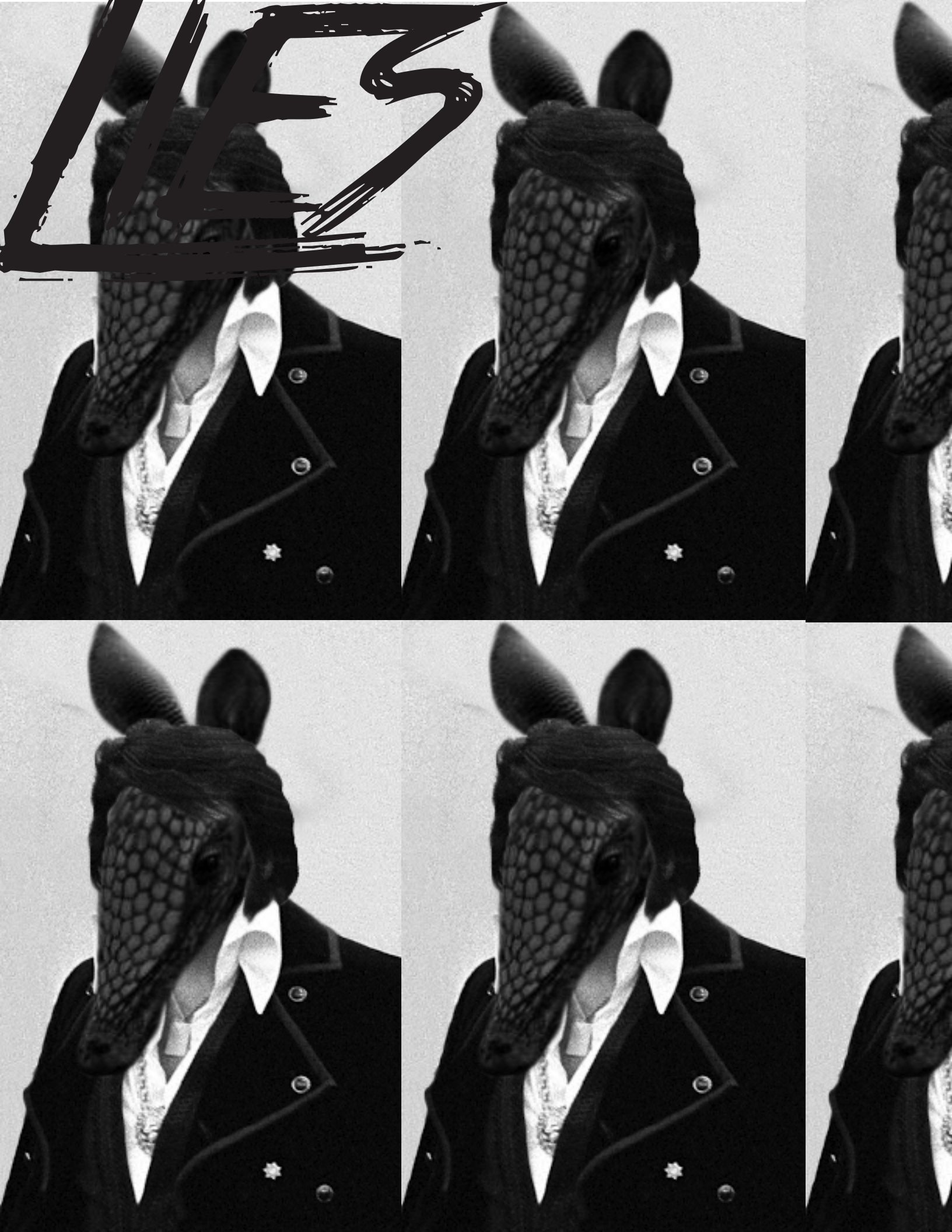
Now back to Bon Appetit management issues: you didn't and it seems like still don't have half the items on your menu. I'll understand the first week or so but after a while it got ridiculous.

It's obnoxious that you're acting like this simply because you have a guarantee and our money has already been paid.

At places I've worked at we had our regular suppliers for food items but if something went wrong and we ran out of some item we could emergency buy it at the local supermarket. It would be much more expensive but it was considered better than taking items off the menu. And okay yeah you run out of one item and since you're the Bridge and we've already paid you \$100 you have no motivation to actually do anything, but once we get to ten or so items you could at least pretend to care. After a week. Or five. Or ever. (I mean chains can't emergency buy food at supermarkets but you're not a chain)

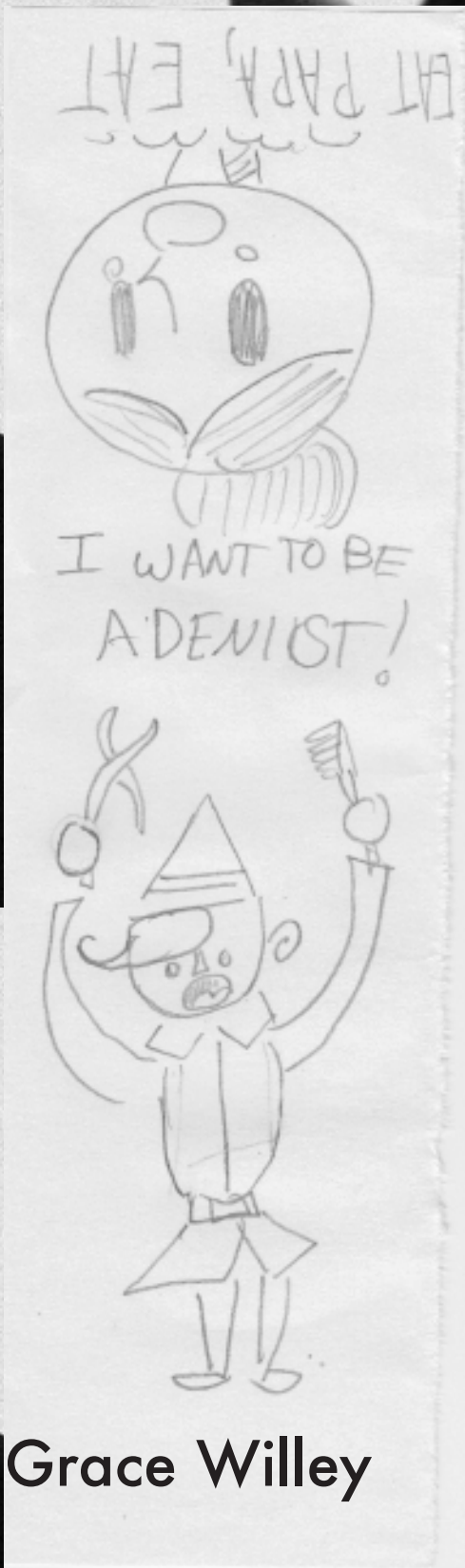
Lastly food at the author talk during orientation: only reason I go to the author talks at orientation (I mean I was totally invested in garbology...). And it was terrible.

Sorry it feels good to be silly and dramatic but I do have a lot of complaints about how Bon Appetit is handling things and I addressed a lot of them in an email survey that we sent out a while ago and when I've returned since I haven't seen any rise in quality. I sincerely hope that this is an issue just for this semester, an introductory period if you will, because Hampshire hired you to be better than Sodexo, not worse.

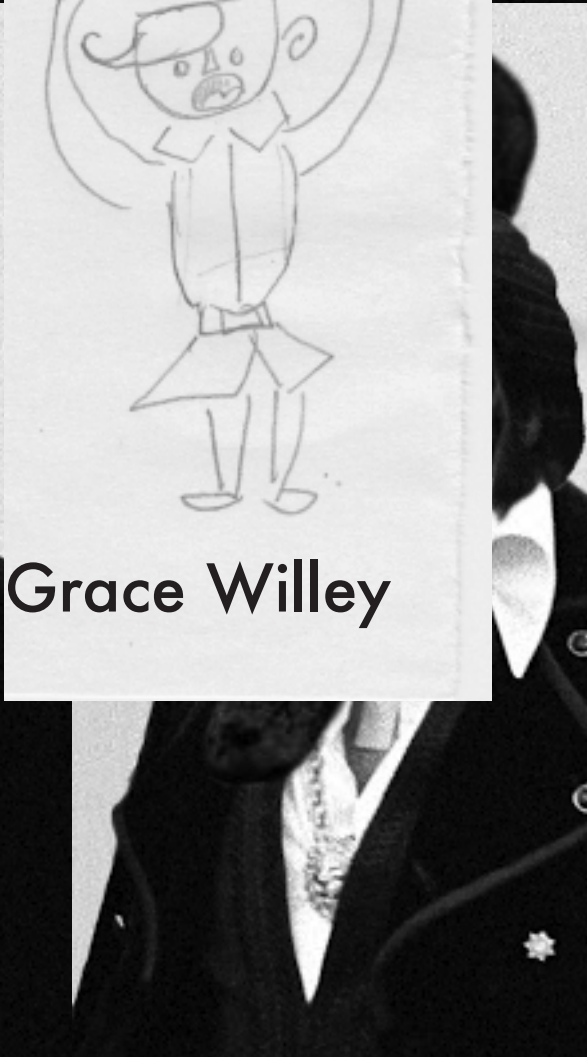








Grace Willey



































SECTION: HATE

In Which I Have Aggressive School Pride: by Jesse Ide

Hampshire students are not “slacktivists”, “keyboard crusaders”, “whiny but lazy”, or anything else along the lines of “bark but no bite.” Have you seen our actual activism that we ctually have? Or are you having selective attention to dismiss what is done in order to support your infantilizing vision of Hampshire activists? Just because not all activism is done in your direction personally in a way that is visible to you does not mean it isn’t happening. Hampshire students tackle issues from every angle, from every kind of praxis. We get on all the committees, while we go to Pizza With The President, while we write Omen articles, while we hang banners, while we make public statements, while we protest, while we meet with administrators, while we educate our peers, while we make pamphlets, while we organize giant yearly conferences, while we write large legal arguments to the administration, and while we engage in arguments on Facebook despite our health. How is this possible? Because there’s so many of us! And we are not a monolith! Wow!

I’m so fucking proud of that! We actively engage with issues, on the ground, we get our hands dirty. Did you see what happened with the bathroom signs? We tackled that from all directions. Letters to Diana Fernandez, vandalism, pizza with the president, omen articles, Trans* Policy Taskforce, it wasn’t all coordinated and organized but enough people were willing to get their hands dirty wherever they could that there are now bathrooms signs, once gendered, being replaced with “Restroom with Urinals” signs.

The Shokazoba incident had so much going on behind the scenes. The banner hung off of FPH and the facebook comments were but the most visible actions. There was also the forum, many meetings between the HYPE committee with administrators, a lot of students who stayed up late at night working

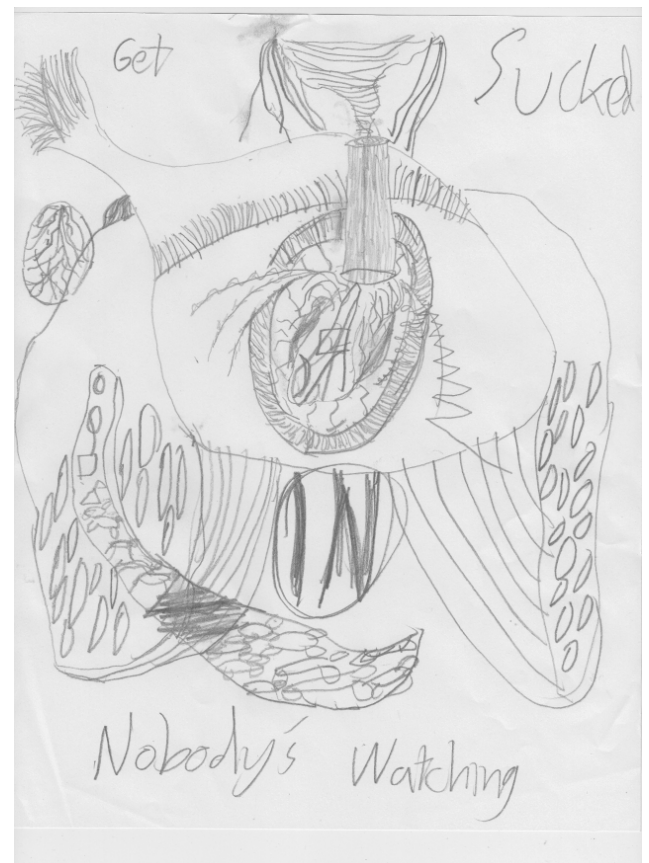
on a heavily researched legal letter.

We talk about intersectionality in orientation! (though some people skip that part of orientation, and we see how that negatively affects those people.)

Social Justice activism is a big part about what makes Hampshire College great and nobody can call Hampshire Students lazy, as a whole. Maybe some are lazy, and don’t do full research into incidents before writing angry articles or papers about them. Let’s not allow those people to reflect on the rest of Hampshire, especially not the activist communities.

If we had a school color or something I’d be wearing it right now, but we don’t. That doesn’t mean I still can’t think Hampshire is great! Stay tuned for my next article: A Thing That I Think Is Really Fucking Wrong At Hampshire And We Need To Improve Part XXXII

Matt Wysocki



EGO
by
ISAIAH MANN

CHARACTERS: ISALIAH, me, 18
STRESS ISALIAH, one of my subconsciouses
SLOTH ISALIAH, one of my subconsciouses
GREED ISALIAH, one of my subconsciouses
PROACTIVE ISALIAH one of my subconsciouses
OPTIMISTIC ISALIAH, (see above)

SCENE: A couch, a desk, a bean-bag, and two
chairs are arranged in a semi circle, all
facing inwards.

AT RISE: ISALIAH is lying down in the middle of the
semi-circle. STRESS ISALIAH is slumped at
the desk. SLOTH ISALIAH is reclining on the
bean-bag. GREED ISALIAH is sitting in a
chair, typing on a laptop. PROACTIVE
ISALIAH and OPTIMISTIC ISALIAH are sitting
on the couch, looking more engaged than
the rest.

ISALIAH
Paper. Due tomorrow. What do we do?

SLOTH ISALIAH
Lay here.

STRESS ISALIAH
How predictable that you'd take that route.

SLOTH ISALIAH
Almost like I'm written to be an apathetic character.

STRESS ISALIAH
Fourth wall warning!

PROACTIVE ISALIAH
(typing away on the laptop)
I'm taking notes all of this for a scene I'm writing.

OPTIMISTIC ISAIAH

That'll make a great submission for the--

STRESS ISAIAH

Seriously, do you not get what the fourth wall is?

ISAIAH

Screw the fourth wall!

STRESS ISAIAH

You don't screw the fourth wall! The fourth wall screws you!

GREED ISAIAH

I think this would all go a lot smoother if you bought a new laptop, I was thinking the Samsung ATIV Book 9 Plu--

STRESS ISAIAH

There he goes again, how on earth are we supposed to feed ourselves when you spend all your--

GREED ISAIAH

It has a QHD display, that's super HD people!

OPTIMISTIC ISAIAH

And more laptops equals more technology you can generously lend to people.

STRESS ISAIAH

What's more important? Your generosity or your starvation?

SLOTH ISAIAH

You know, if you just ordered your food from Amazon, you wouldn't have to go to the store as--

GREED ISAIAH

Yes! Amazon food! I want a 24 pack Cup of Noodles. I need Honest Teas in bulk. But seriously, this laptop is just unbelievable: Quad Core i7 Proces--

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

Shut it! We need to get into this paper!

STRESS ISAIAH

All these exclamation points are giving me a headache-- oh no! Fourth wall! Oh no: exclamation points!

OPTIMISTIC ISAIAH

I think all this hardship will cause you to grow as a--

ISAIAH

I'm not getting any taller! I'm sure as hell not getting any--

STRESS ISAIAH

Can you please quit it with the exclamation points?

ISAIAH

Ok. Fine. I'm. Not. Growing. From--

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

Enough narcissistic monologuing, you're distracting my thought process.

ISAIAH

Screw you! I'm the one who has to write this fucking--

STRESS ISAIAH

Stop! Explicit language warning! Exclamation points! No!

(STRESS ISAIAH buries his head in his hands)

GREED ISAIAH

Sick of exclamation points? Why not buy a Samsung Ultrabook? It'll cut all of your work-related stress in half, with its razor thin design and cutting edge--

ISAIAH

No it won't. It'll just cut my bank balance in half.

OPTIMISTIC ISAIAH

See, all this stress is making you punnier already.

ISAIAH

Fuck you.

STRESS ISAIAH

But it's also exacerbating your aggression to absurd lengths. Thanks for not including an exclamation point though.

ISAIAH

You bet, buddy.

GREED ISAIAH

You always take his side. But when I want a new laptop--

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

You don't need a new laptop. You already have two. I can type perfectly well on the first one. I don't even like the second one. Mac is the only thing I--

STRESS ISAIAH

Stop. Polarizing statement, you're alienating parts of the audience who--

ISAIAH

The audience can deal with--

STRESS ISAIAH

Goddamnit. We both just broke the fourth wall.

OPTIMISTIC ISAIAH

I like how aware you two are of theatrical conventions.

GREED ISAIAH

But you could be so much aware of them if you had a super slim, super HD laptop to research them on.

STRESS ISAIAH

Your repeated insistence is bordering on obsession.

GREED ISAIAH

You're one to talk; I just want a laptop. You want everyone to behave exactly how you say. Who's the real villain?

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

Still you, because he doesn't have \$2,000 dollars to blow on another laptop. He's really broke.

ISAIAH

I'm right here.

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

And you're broke. Am I not correct?

ISAIAH

Yeah.

STRESS ISAIAH

How are you going to eat?

ISAIAH

Not that broke?

GREED ISAIAH

Who cares if we have food? All I want is that new laptop.

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

You don't need to eat; you're a metaphysical conscious. And as for rest of us, we're about done here.

ISAIAH

No we're not... you haven't even started the essay. Please just--

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

Not the essay, this scene.

STRESS ISAIAH

Fourth--

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

--wall I know. But now we all need to stop, so I can write this fucking essay.

STRESS ISAIAH

My starvation-related panic, combined with your confidence --as shown through swearing, compels me to listen to you.

GREED ISAIAH

And maybe if you finish the essay, you'll feel generous enough to--

PROACTIVE ISAIAH

No laptop!

GREED ISAIAH

That's what you say now. But just you wait.

ISAIAH

Did anyone else notice that Sloth Isaiah fell asleep?

OPTIMISTIC ISAIAH

And with him asleep and Proactive Isaiah in charge, we can finally get things done and feel fulfilled.

ISAIAH

There's something about you that just really pisses me off.

(End Scene. Lights down)





